

They Hunger

by rog3r

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Summary: A struggling writer takes a trip to the country side to gain inspiration for his next novel, and ends up battling an army of the undead. A novelization of the Half Life modification. --ABANDONED, SORRY YA'LL--

1. Prologue: The Lightning Bolt

****Disclaimer: ****I do not own They Hunger, which is product of Black Widow Studios, or Half-Life, the amazing VALVe game on which this modification was based on.

****They Hunger****

A Novelization by R0g3r.th3.Shrubb3r

of the Half-Life Modification

"They Hunger" by Black Widow Studios

****Prologue****

My name is Jack Peterson. Perhaps you've heard of me. Well, probably not. Authors like me are not as widely recognized as actors or athletes, but we're still famous in our own way. I've had several best selling books, mostly based off of the same CIA agent having to fight the hugely impossible government conspiracy that would end the world through some horribly unbelievable doomsday device. But, after four books based off of Agent Westwood, I decided it was best to go a different direction. So did my critics. They tore apart my latest version of the endless chronicles of Westwood, which is why I'm currently here.

Where is here, exactly? I'm currently driving my car up the steep and dangerous roads inside of the Rockwell valley. This may seem random to you, but I am currently en route to my secluded cabin out in the deep forested mountains of Rockwell. You may laugh at me now, but

that cabin is where I got my ideas for the Agent Westwood story, which was a New York Times Bestseller. Not to mention that it's a good place to kick back and have a few days to relax before returning to the hustle and bustle of the big city.

I eased my old car onto the dirt covered road, which was nearly identical to the road I left. These roads were supposedly made in the late 1800's, and led virtually nowhere, which is why I'm sure the county never bothered to pave them. I eased my car to a stop in front of the descending guard bar of the railroad. Strangely, the only signs of technology in this entire damn valley were the sporadic stretches of railroad and the tunnels they dove into. They were about the only thing to look at this in the whole valley, well, of course, unless you were some kind of tree obsessed loony. While I was waiting for the train to pass, I reached towards my radio, and turned up the volume. I was met with the hissing of static and fiddled with the dials and came to a radio station that was playing some type of strange Arabic music, which, I admit, was very catchy. The train continued to chug along the track, and finally the caboose entered the right tunnel, and the protection bar lifted allowing me to continue. Suddenly, I heard a thunderclap, and raindrops were beginning to hit the windshield. I'm not talking about a light mist either, big raindrops at a high consistency. Soon, my windshield was coated in rain, and I flicked on my windshield wipers. I shifted up to second gear, when the song on the radio was suddenly cut off.

"This is BMRF Radio bringing you a special news report," came the voice of the man who, I assumed, was the DJ. "Unknown atmospheric phenomena have been reported throughout the area. Meteorologists have been unable to identify the source of the strange electrical displays, but we will keep you informed of any developments. We return you now to our regularly scheduled programming."

It was odd. The DJ sounded rushed. Hurried. As if he was trying to release a crucial piece of evidence before he was executed. Odd.

"Ah, it's probably nothing." I muttered, turning my car into the tunnel. Only half a mile more and I'll be up at my cabin. The radio signal was distorted thanks to the stone barrier above my head. But, the tunnel wasn't long enough to notice it for long. Before I knew it, I was out into the rain again. This road bordered one of the many water reservoirs up in Rockwell. The right side of the road was dominated by one of the mountains that dominated this valley. The Arabic music was on again, and I was subconsciously tapping my hand on the steering wheel in time with the music.

That's when all hell let loose.

My vision was dominated by a blinding white flash, and a monstrous thunderclap deafened me.

"Jesus Christ!" I yelled, jerking my steering wheel to the left instinctively, still partially blinded. Unfortunately, my foot was still hard pressed to the gas pedal, keeping my car traveling forward. My vision was just beginning to clear when I heard the grinding and crunching. My heart stopped, and I just barely made out the steel barrier that "protected" people from falling into the reservoir gave way.

My vision cleared fully, and just in time.

I managed to see the water before I hit it.

2. Chapter 1: The Church

****Chapter I****

My vision cleared fully, and just in time.

I managed to see the water before I hit it.

With an earsplitting crash, my car was submerged in the icy water of the reservoir. I was thrown against the restraint of my seat belt, and was face to face with a small fracture in my windshield. Scratch that, a GROWING fracture in my windshield. Without warning, the windshield exploded inwards, peppering the cabin with glass shrapnel that barely missed my face. Well, my car was slowly sinking and the cabin was filling up with water, so I did the only logical thing to do at a situation like this.

I panicked.

"Let me out!!" I yelled at my door, yanking my seat belt free from it's holster and attempting to open the door. But the weight of the water on the other side of the door made it impossible to open said obstacle. I was now standing, well, crouching, on the back rest of my seat. The water was up to my knees, I had to act fast. I held on to the dashboard and the backside of my seat for support, and began kicking the door as fast and hard as I could in the knee-deep water.

"Open you son of a bitch!!" I yelled. With one final kick, I felt the entire door shudder, and then slowly float to the bottom. Without hesitating, the water was up to my chin after all, I inhaled deeply, and ducked down into the water, pushing myself off my seat out into the reservoir.

The water was deathly cold. It was like swimming in a giant glass of ice water. The air in my lungs was quickly sucked out as I began my ascent to the surface. I broke the surface, inhaling a large lungful of air, and began looking around.

Obviously it hadn't rained in a while in Rockwell. The cliffs around the reservoir were smooth and shiny from the constant water treatment. Now, the water level was about halfway down the reservoir. There was no way in hell I could climb out of here.

"Fuck." I muttered sullenly, the rain pelting my already drenched head. I slowly swam 180, so I was facing the other way, when something caught my eye. I cocked my head to the right, squinting. It was hard to tell in this light, but it looked like something that didn't belong. I swam closer, getting a better look.

It was a flood tunnel. One of those channels that connected two separate bodies of water— Or something that would need water. I didn't really have much choice, so I sucked in another deep lungful of air, and plunged underwater, kicking my way into the flood

tunnel.

About halfway through, I was struck with the realization that this was a bad idea. A really bad idea. My lungs were already burning, and there was no light at the end of this tunnel. Worse, the tunnel was so tight that I couldn't turn around and escape from that end. I started swimming faster, my legs and arms scratching against the stone that made this tunnel. I began getting lightheaded, when I saw it. Thank you Jesus! A light! I kicked harder, getting ready to travel upwards and out of this stupid tunnel when I suddenly fell forward. I let out a cry of dismay as I fell face-first into a shallow channel, smashing my face against the stone bottom. I managed to pull myself out, and flop over onto the ground, spluttering and coughing.

It took me a few minutes to catch my breath and stand up, and when I did, I took in account of my surroundings. I was in some type of sewage system. The room was a light grey stone, covered in ivy, and accented with bricks that bordered the channel that ran waist high around the walls. I turned around, seeing the channel rose up to make a type of well for the flood tunnel. I grumbled, pulling my soaking self to my feet. Off to my right were some stairs that led upwards. I walked along the stone, my soaked socks making a squishing sound as they released the huge amount of moisture they contained. When I reached the top of the stairs, I came to a fork. On both my left and my right, I encountered some closed gates. I decided to try the left one first, pulling on the gate. But it wouldn't budge. I squinted in the semi-darkness and made out a small lock holding the gate to it's post. Guess that was a no-go. So, I went right.

So far my day has been filled with bad decisions. The right led to some type of long tunnel, with strange stacks of bricks every so often. I ignored it, continuing down this stone-hewn tunnel. I reached an opening, one with a single fluorescent bulb illuminating the room. My heart froze when I looked around. There were three alcoves in the room; in each of the alcoves was a bench. And on each of the benches were a skeleton.

I had chosen to go through a fucking catacomb. I took a deep breath of decaying body, and left quickly, pulling open another gate and arriving somewhere that looked familiar. I was back on a dirt road, with nothing but grass and trees to keep me company. There was a small wooden sign pointing to my left, so I walked forward and examined it. I could barely read what the sign said, but I could read "Church". Groovy. A church. Maybe they have a phone. I could call Triple A and make it up to my cabin by midnight. I glanced at my watch, before realizing that it stopped working when I went in the water. The time read "7:06 PM". I guess it must be around 7:30 by now. I started squishing down the dirt path, briefly pausing before entering a tunnel that stood before me, it's mouth agape as if it were begging to eat me.

I hummed to myself as I walked down the dark tunnel. I rounded a corner, and passed a strange thing. The wall was partly hewed out in the shape of a cross, and behind that open space someone lit a fire. A giant light cross was now on the opposite wall of the tunnel. A cool bit of dÃ©cor, if I may say so myself. I stepped out of the tunnel, and lo and behold, the church was right in front of me. I just had to go down the circle-dirt path that was bordered by tombstones and I would be inside.

As I approached, I stared at the foreboding stone building and analyzed it. Huge stones, stained glass, and giant crucifixes. Yup, this was a church. The strangest part was, though, that the mountains came through the church and cut it in half. I could see the bell tower on the other side of the small mountain. I wondered if they carved portions of the church out of the mountain itself. That would be fascinating.

The large wooden door to the church opened with a loud creak, and I stepped inside the first room. It wasâ€¦ Boring, to say the least. A large picture of Jesus sat on the wall, and directly below that was a coffin. The wooden box was flanked by two lit candles. So at least someone was here.

A strange noise reached my ears. It sounded like static. I walked down the stone hallway, passing two doors which were locked tightly. I found myself staring at a wooden door, which I slowly pushed open. This door, too, creaked loudly. Now this room, however, was not boring. Not at all. It was terrifying in fact. The static was not static at all, it was that strange Arabic music issuing from a small radio on the table in the far left corner of the room. I ignored the radio, however. My attention was drawn by what was on the floor.

A half-completed coffin.

With a body inside.

What. The. Fuck.

I approached the body, examining it. He was a balding man with thick, black rimmed glasses. He wore a black leather jacket, white shirt, and jeans. But, there was no sign as to how he died.

No blood. No signs of a struggle. Nothing.

What the hell is going on?

For the second time within the hour, the radio was cut off, and the same DJ from earlier came on.

"We interrupt this program to bring you a special news bulletin! Several reports of strange happenings in the local country side have been received here at the radio station. Sherriff Chester Rockwood insists that such reports are just heresy and rumors, likely spread by his rivals in an attempt to undermine his position in the upcoming

>election. Rumors or not, some of these reports are very disturbing, and until they can be dismissed, we are advising people to be cautious and stay indoors. We now return you to our regular broadcasting."<p>

Once again, the DJ sounded rushed. This thing was getting weirder by the minute. Worse, there was no fucking phone. I guess my only chance was to find my way back to the road and walk back to town.

There was a creak behind me. And a moan. I spun quickly around, noticing that the door directly behind me was slowly opening. Cautiously, I walked in front of the standing coffin against the wall, and pushed the door fully open.

The moan came from a man lying on the ground. He was dressed in Priest robes, clutching a Bible. His face was contorted in agony, breathing ragged. I leant next to him.

"What's happened here?" I asked. He coughed several times.

"The end. The end is nigh. Repent, repent, re--â€|" He screamed out in agony, convulsing a few times, before he lay down. For good. In this room, several holes were bored into the walls. And three of these six holes were stuffed with bodies. Bodies that were recently deceased. None of them were rotting, there was no scent at all. And they were all related to the church. An old woman nun, another priest, and an alter boy. Christ.

That's when I heard crunching. I spun around, staring through the blank wall at the first room. And the coffin there. I slowly stepped out of the room, moving forward cautiously. The Priest's words had terrified me. The end? The end of what?

As soon as I entered the room, I knew.

No way.

It's not possible.

No.

Now I've seen a lot of horror movies, but nothing could ever compare to this.

Standing in the remains of the coffin, was a humanoid creature. Creature is the best word I could use to describe it. The clothes were torn and bloody, sharp claws had jutted out of it's hands, and it's hair was all but gone.

And then it spun around.

And I got my first glance at true horror.

The eyes were empty. White and glazed over. The mouth was open at an impossible angle, blood and saliva oozing from it's lips. Blackened teeth were visible. With a long moan, it started towards me with a loud moan, and I snapped out of my trance. I slowly backed out of the room, but the thing followed me. I continued backing up, until I reached the room with the dead Priest. I tried to slam the door, but the thing grabbed the door and tore it off it's hinges. I fell backwards onto my ass with a yell, scooting backwards away from the lumbering creature.

But then my back hit the wall. The creature issued a hungry moan from it's dribbling jaws.

That thing was hungry.

And it looked like I was on the menu.

****BlindAcquiescence:** ****Thanks.** Probably the best mod, ever, am I right?

Since the Half-Life section seemsâ€¦ Dead (Halo has more stories. This causes me a great deal of hatred) on this site, it looks like I won't be getting many reviews, but come on, review it.

3. Chapter 2: The First Monster

****Chapter II****

That thing was hungry.

And it looked like I was on the menu.

The creature moaned, lumbering towards me and leaning down at the same time. My hands, of their own accord, darted out from my sides and groped outside of my peripheral vision looking for something, anything, I could use to defend myself with. Just when my hope started to fade, and the creature began entering my comfort zone, my right hand wrapped around something hard. I managed to tear my eyes away from the horrifying creature and looked at what I had grabbed.

It was an umbrella, something I neglected to take into account when I first entered this room. But it wasn't any ordinary umbrella, no sir, it was one of those old school brass ones. The canvas part was a deep dark blue, nearly black, and the entire length of the bar was solid brass.

Having grabbed the pointy end of the umbrella, I figured it wouldn't work. But I had to try.

It was my only chance.

I swung the umbrella in a large arc, vaguely aware I was yelling at the creature that was nearly ripping into my body. The hooked portion of the umbrella struck the top of the head of the creature, and thanks to the rotten skull, the hook jettisoned through the head of the creature and launched out of it's mouth with a shower of blood and brain matter that struck my face and upper chest. The creature remained crouched for a moment, and then collapsed onto my thighs with a soft groan.

And there I sat for God knows how long. Some creature laying as if it were giving me head, blood running out of it's mouth and staining my already soaking pants. Eventually, feeling sunk into my limbs and I managed to push the thing off of me, somehow managing to still have enough blood to puddle on the cement.

I willed myself to my feet, my brain not processing as I stepped onto the chest of the creature. I was vaguely aware as my foot sunk into the chest with a few sickening crunches. I barely noticed that I reached out with my right hand, not feeling the cool canvas beneath my fingers. I did, however, hear the sickening squelch as I pulled the umbrella free from the flaccid skull of the creature, causing a waterfall of semi-fresh blood to cascade onto the ground. I stared at my umbrella, noting that the hook portion was now coated in blood, several chunks of brain also stuck to my newfound weapon.

BONG

My head jerked upwards instantly. Was thatâ€|?

BONG

The church bell!

I glanced around the room again, looking for something else that was as useful as the umbrella was. There. In the back corner of the room, hidden by the Priest's body earlier, was a long black cylinder.

A flashlight. Wonderful. That small black cylinder was God sent. If there are any more of thoseâ€| things out there, I sure as hell didn't want to get surprised by any of them. I lifted up the metal cylinder, tucking it into the pocket of my wet leather jacket. I stepped back into the hallway, glancing left, to the entrance, and to the right, to the coffin room. Both seemed empty.

But the door across from me was open. It wasn't earlier, but now it is. I lifted my umbrella into a position that I could swing from instantly, and stepped into the small room. It was scarcely larger than a closet, but instead of mops and brooms in the corner, there was a wooden ladder bolted on to the white stones. I tentatively stepped forward, hooking my bloody umbrella onto the highest hook I could reach, and stepping forward onto the wood slat. I stepped upwards, up the six steps into the church bell loft.

There was no monster up here. On the contrary, there was a human. He was shorter than I was, with wild brown hair and beady little blue eyes. He wore an orange jumpsuit. Oh goody. A convict. He was looking around crazily, still holding the church bell rope.

"Hey." I said slowly, lifting my umbrella above my head to show that I was not going to hurt him. He spun towards me at the sound of my voice, lifting his other hand up from his side and pointing it at me. I froze at what he held. A hand gun.

Oh shit.

"Listen, I'm not going to hurt you. Maybe we can work together." I said. He pondered my words, or at least seemed to be, before he lowered his gun.

"It's possible." He said. His voice was deep, with a thick New York accent. Suddenly, there was a sharp cry from above us, almost like a bird but not quite.

"â€| What the hell was that?" I asked, staring up at the darkened rafters. I pulled the flashlight out of my pocket and flicked it on. It illuminated a small spot in the dark ceiling, but I couldn't see what had caused the noise.

"I was hoping you'd tell me." Came the voice of my companion, who sounded as panicked as I felt. I looked at him, and he looked at me. I jerked my head towards the trapdoor, the universal sign for 'let's get the fuck outta here before that thing that made that noise comes down and rips our throats out'. Thankfully, he nodded. We nearly reached the trapdoor, when he screamed out in pain. I spun around, lifting my umbrella. He was reaching over his shoulder to his back, trying to grab something that was on there.

"Get it off! Get it off!" He yelled. His pistol lay discarded on the wooden plank floor, as he smashed his back against the white stone wall. Suddenly, there was a disgusting crack and squelching noise, and my friend's eyes rolled up into his head, and he fell forward with such force that it shook the wooden planks that I stood on.

I stared. His back, between his shoulder blades had beenâ€¦

Ripped open. His ribs appeared to have been bent inwards, so now they were jutting out of his back. The flesh around his back had been shredded to the consistency of raw hamburger meat. I was transfixed by the grotesque sight, feeling my stomach flip over. All of a sudden, vomit rocketed out of my mouth. The remnants of the hamburger I had eaten a little less than two hours ago was soon staining the wooden plank floor. I wiped the lingering traces of vomit off my lips, and continued staring.

But something was wrong. I couldn't put my finger on it, but the opening in the prisoner's back seemed differently shaped. My stomach turned again at the thought.

And then something brushed against my leg.

I yelled out, kicking my leg and heard the wet sound of flesh striking concrete. I spun, holding my umbrella at the ready, and looked at the new threat.

It was roughly the size of a small dog, hairless, and the color of dried puke. Caked in dried blood, I instantly knew this was the creature that had killed my companion. It pulled itself to it's feet, using it's two stubby back legs for balance while it's incredibly long, red, front legs spun it towards me. I couldn't see any eyes on this new, small, creature, but there was a small mouth, filled with serrated teeth.

Teeth that held a long piece of intestine.

With a screech, it used it's stubby legs to propel itself at me, I sidestepped quickly, causing the creature to land near the opposite wall. It spun itself around again, but I gave it no such chance. I skewered the little bastard on the pointy tip of my umbrella, it screamed it's shrill cry again, kicking it's long legs as it's life drained out of it. After a few seconds, it went limp, and I flicked my umbrella, launching the little fuck off of my now bloodstained umbrella.

Gross. I wasn't going to touch those damn bloodstains with my bare hands, who knows what kind of diseases those creatures carried with them. I searched my companion's body, and found a pair of black leather gloves.

This guy was a hardcore killer. These appear to be standard contract killer issue. Damn. I could use this guy's help if there were more of those damn things out there.

And something told me there were more of them out there.

I slipped the gloves on, and picked up my friend's pistol and examined it. It was a Beretta 9mm, thankfully, a gun I knew something about.

Now you might wonder how an author like myself knows about guns. I can assure you, I am no commando nor some random guy who can just pick up some type of firearm and instantly be a professional with it. To prepare for my Westwood stories, I took extensive firearms training with the FBI's Hostage Rescue Team at Langley, so I knew about several handguns, an H&K MP-5 sub-machine gun, and the SPAS-12 combat shotgun. So I understood aiming, reloading, and how recoil worked. Don't think I'm a total geek just because I'm an author.

I slid the slide back slightly, making sure that a bullet was chambered. There was, so I flicked on the safety and tucked the pistol into my belt, before climbing back down the ladder. I felt slightly guilty about just leaving the guy up there, he should have a decent burial. However, I was way too fucking freaked out and on the edge of my sanity to really care. I skirted around the blood dripping from between the boards, and found my way back into the main hallway. I went back into the entrance room, stepping over the shattered pieces of the coffin and reached the door, taking a peek out of the cross that was carved out of the wooden door itself. The small path that led back to the tunnel looked clear, none of the graves that bordered it had been disturbedâ€¦ Yet.

I took a deep breath, hooked my umbrella on my belt and pulled out my Beretta. I un-safetied the weapon and opened the door. It had stopped raining, thankfully, but the skies were still cloudy. And it was still dark. Not so dark that I had to bust out my flashlight, but it was still ominous. I took a step outside, feeling a cool gust of air tickle my face.

But once again, something was the matter.

There was no noise.

Rustling of the trees was something, but there were no bird calls. No coyotes.

Nothing.

And it was terrifying.

I stepped out of the protective overhang of the church, the dry, rocky dirt crunching underneath my feet. I slowly moved around the path, heading back towards the tunnel.

When something moaned.

I spun around, staring at the graves.

There was a hand jutting from one of them.

I couldn't react quick enough, I just stopped and stared as the monster pulled itself free of the confines of it's deathbed, and lurched towards me with a moan. I brought my Beretta up in a classic Weaver stance; both hands on the gun, my left foot forward, and my right foot a little behind. I aimed carefully, and squeezed the trigger. The report of the handgun broke the eerie silence, and the bright flash left spots dancing before my eyes.

My first shot went way wide, skipping off the shoulder of the

creature, causing it to spin slightly making it jerk to the right. I brought my pistol back down from the recoil, and pulled the trigger again. The 9mm bullet ripped through the skull of the creature, causing a flap of flesh and skull to fly off the back of the creature. It fell to it's knees, and then onto it's stomach, blood pouring out of the exit wound in the back of it's skull.

So. Shooting them in the head is the best way to kill them. Just like in the movies.

â€| Groovy.

My revelation was interrupted by a series of moans, I spun around, seeingâ€|

Oh shit.

There was four of them. And they all looked hungry.

So I booked it, running down the tunnel. But the darkness in the tunnel made me seriously miscalculate something.

The tunnel was dark.

And darkness hides things.

Things like those things.

And moans proved the fact that I had made an error.

I pulled my flashlight out, and flicked on the switch.

And three of those fuckers were illuminated by my flashlight's beam.

Not to mention moans warned me that I had company behind me.

I was sandwiched. Literally and figuratively.

**nodikus â€" **Thanks for pointing that out. A lot of people are just like "LOL UR STORI IS LIEK TEH ROXXORZ!!!eleventyone". You actually offerd something I can improve on.

**James Besten â€" **Get it. It's worth it. You do have to have Half-Life 1 though.

**Lupus Thunder â€" **Thanks man. I think Halo is overrated garbage, though. And my friends think Counter-Strike is pathetic. Well, that's because they play the XBOX version.

Anyway, people. Review this bitch.

4. Chapter 3: The Catacombs

A/N: I realize that TH takes place back in 1956. I decided to make it more modernized due to the fact that I can make references, use slang, and language that belong in this timeframe. I also know that

the guns I mentioned are not used in the game. Thank you.

****Chapter III****

And three of those fuckers were illuminated by my flashlight's beam.

Not to mention moans warned me that I had company behind me.

I was sandwiched. Literally and figuratively.

Thinking quickly, and by quickly I mean stupidly, I brought the Beretta up with one hand, and fired once. Twice. Thrice. My wrist was jerked back from the recoil, and I'm lucky my wrist didn't break from this retarded example of firing a gun. I tagged the creature twice; once in the chest, once in the skull, and finally striking the roof of the dark tunnel.

Then, I was suddenly struck with a brilliant idea. So far, these things have been just like in the movies. Maybe they're slow like them? I figured it was worth a shot.

I slid my Beretta into my belt, and unhooked my umbrella. With a yell, I ran towards the two creatures still stumbling towards me. I swung the umbrella horizontally, catching the creature in the neck. Unlike the creature I killed earlier, this one wasn't rotten. The umbrella punctured it's neck, and the momentum of my swing kept the creature moving forward and smashing into the stone wall with a sickening splat. I moved the flashlight quickly, seeing the blood splatter on the stone.

Then I booked it. Holding the umbrella horizontally, and shoving the other creature against the wall. It gave easily, stumbling backwards with a confused moan.

And then something grabbed my shoulder. And I felt hot breath near my ear.

I shook wildly, thrashing, trying to get this damn creature off of me. For a rotten corpse, it had a crazy strong grip. More by instinct than any thought, I dropped the umbrella, and whipped out the Beretta, pulling it over my shoulder and pulling the trigger. Bad move. The gun exploded near my ear, causing it to start ringing. I couldn't hear anything, but the pressure lightened, and I pulled my way out, pausing to grab my umbrella off the dirt path. I ran, still not hearing from my right ear. I stumbled out of the tunnel, ending up at the sign that showed me the way to the church to begin with. I looked around wildly, taking in account the forked road. The left path led back to the door to the catacombs that I took to get here. I didn't want to wander back through those darkened tunnels yet. So, I decided to head up the right path and see if I could get back to the road. Enough of this fucking nightmare.

I started forward, the dirt crunching beneath my feet. My eyes kept darting to the tree line, making sure none of those fuckers were going to jump me. I started climbing the hill, the brushes from the evergreen trees scratching at my still damp leather jacket. When I reached the top of the hill, I saw something. Something that made my heart sink.

The road was blocked. Large chunks of rock and boulders had fallen across the dirt path, obviously the lightning struck one of the mountain peaks, causing it to collapse.

So I had to go through the catacombs. Abso-fucking-lutely wonderful. I turned around, heading back down the hill towards the fork. I walked across the grass, the fresh mud squelching underneath my feet. I glanced back towards the tunnel, seeing a few of those freaks lurching towards me from the darkness of the tunnel.

I pushed the rusty gate open, wincing at the loud screech caused by the corroded bolts. I stepped back into the rough hewn room, still illuminated by that fluorescent bulb. None of the rotten skeletons had moved. So far, so good. I took another deep breath of rotten corpse, feeling my stomach lurch again, and looked down the dark tunnel, before walking into it. My eyes adjusted to the gloom easily, seeing as the single bulb wasn't bright enough to change much.

And then I was back into the tunnel with the bricks. Bricks that I just realized were probably sealing tombs. Wonderful. I flicked on the flashlight, holding it with my left hand and using the back of said hand to balance my pistol held in my right hand.

Crunch.

I freaked out, spinning around and squeezing a shot off into the darkness. The flash from the muzzle stung my eyes, and when the flashing dots faded, I realized that I was alone in the tunnel. I glanced down, turning my flashlight to illuminate my feet. I had crushed a small rat.

Crunch.

It was way louder this time. Oh shit. I lifted the flashlight, illuminating the hallway.

And I saw a bloody hand jutting from the bricks and mortar.

And I was rooted to the spot, staring at the hand as it punched it's way out of the sealed tomb. And even though I've grown accustomed to seeing these creatures, I still felt my stomach churn and icy cold terror grip my heart. It lurched out of the tomb, looking both ways down the tunnel, before turning to see me. It seemed to smile, the rotten teeth and drool reflecting off from my flashlight's beam.

"Iâ€|" My heart stopped and my breath caught. "Iâ€| Hungerâ€|"

The fucking thing was talking!

"Shitâ€|!" I whispered, firing the Beretta wildly. Due to my one-handed grip, the first two shots hit the stone roof and walls, causing the stone to chip. It was beginning to lurch towards me, moving stiffly, like a corpse. Which, of course, it was.

I squeezed the trigger twice more, once striking the creature in the neck, and the other striking it in the skull. Before the creature hit the ground, I was sprinting forward, aware that brick walls were being torn apart as I passed them.

I reached the padlock, pulling it open and stepping back into the ivy-covered room. With a groan, I was assaulted by another creature, but I swiftly dealt with this one by pulling the trigger twice. I stepped over the body, onto the wooden plank that served as a bridge over the small channel. Once again, I was standing in front of that padlocked gate. Unlike an hour ago, though, I had a way to open the gate.

I wedged the hook of my brass tipped umbrella into the loop of the lock, and then began levering my weight with the length of the umbrella. After about five minutes of strenuous work, there was a very audible snap. I was worried my umbrella broke, but the gate swung open with a rusty squeal.

Once again, I was met by off-white stone accented with ivy. This hallway traveled down for about 10 yards and then went 90 degrees left. However, unlike the catacombs, this hallway was brightly lit by several fluorescent bulbs, so there was no need for my flashlight. I turned the corner, still holding my pistol at the ready, and descended a flight of stone steps.

As I reached the bottom of the stairs, I turned right and came into another room. This room, however, was different than any I've been in so far.

There was still the white stone walls, sure, but this room was way more industrial. I was at the edge of a grated metal catwalk, which was about ten feet above the stone ground. Rusty girders held this catwalk up. I glanced over the safety railing, seeing that the floor had several boxes stacked into a corner and that's it. Boring.

I stepped out onto the catwalk, and heard the screech of metal that usually means you shouldn't be walking on it. But, I decided to take my chances, taking every step with excruciating care.

I was about halfway across when I heard a snap.

I glanced down, and noticed instantly that the grating had cracked in half.

"Oh shit." I managed to get out, before the grating shattered and I was pitched forward, seeing the ground growing closer. Somehow I managed to turn around, landing on my back on the hard stone ground. My pistol bounced away from me, and I really didn't care. It felt like someone had shoved a vacuum down my throat, I couldn't breathe. I wouldn't be surprised if you could see my spine through my shirt.

"Hungerâ€¦" Came the voice that I, although only heard it twice, hate. So much. I turned my head, seeing one of those fuckers quickly shuffling towards me.

I managed to pull myself forward, scraping my palms on the rough stone. It seized my ankle, pulling it towards it's drooling mouth. I kicked out, striking the creature in the face, and heard a crunch. I glanced back, seeing dark red oozing out of it's nose. It seemed unfazed, however. I grabbed hold of my umbrella, stabbing the point into the eye of the creature. It moaned, and I shoved it in harder, feeling a strange clunk as my brass tip struck the back of the creature's skull. It sighed, and fell over.

And there I lay for a few more minutes, letting the shock that I've killed several of these creatures sink in.

I eventually pulled myself to my feet, taking into account that there was no fucking exit to this damn room. The catwalk was broken, hanging ridiculously at a damn 90 degree angle. There was a door, way up there where the catwalk reached across. But there was absolutely no way that I could reach there from down here.

Unlessâ€¦|

I saw a few pipes in the corner, and there was a single valve sitting on the largest pipe.

"Cautionâ€¦| Keep valve open for water intake." I read slowly, glancing at the metal circle. If I could flood the room, I could swim up there and open the door.

I decided it was worth a shot, there was no other way I could get out of here. So, I twisted the valve, until I heard the deep rumbling of metal plates moving. Suddenly, water started rushing up from the grate in the corner of the room. I had no idea it would fill up this fast, it was already halfway up my shins.

After about 2 minutes, the water was high enough to make me tread water. I got a scare when the light bulb above the valve exploded, peppering the room with glass shards. I strangely wasn't shocked by the damn thing.

So I slowly swam circles until the water level was high enough for me to push the door open and pull myself into the room. But I realized this was a bad, bad idea when the water began flooding into THIS room. It was such a steady stream that I couldn't shove the door closed.

I flooded one room to get to another one, and now this room is flooding.

Just my fucking luck.

****BlindAcquiescence:** ****Hmm.** I'm going to have to say the Insane Asylum portion in Episode 2. It's well designed and pretty tight.

****shephard110:** ****See the author's note above.**

****LordShadowDragon:** ****Thanks bro.** Part 2 was my favorite, though. So you missed out!

****Lupus Thunder:** ****I try to end every chapter like that.** Keeps the readers coming back! And, no, it doesn't work with Half-Life: Source. TH needs the HL1 engine to run, and HL:S runs on the Source engine. Sorry bro.

****Chapter IV****

I flooded one room to get to another one, and now this room is flooding.

Just my fucking luck.

I glanced around the room, semi-frantically as the water was up to my waist and still rising. To my right was what seemed to be an old elevator, and to my leftâ€¦

Perfect. A set of stairs leading upwards. I waded through the chest-high water, not really caring where the stairs led. I sloshed my way up the stairs, which changed direction 90 degrees every five steps, and reached the landing, where one of those things was waiting for me. I didn't even give it a chance to lurch towards me, I raised the Beretta and pulled the trigger.

Click.

Click, click, click.

Shit.

No way was I out of ammo. Not now.

I stuck the Beretta back into my belt, and unhooked the wet umbrella. My first swing knocked the creature down. I stared at it, struggling to get up, using it's clawed hands to push itself back to it's feet.

No chance, buddy.

I slammed the hooked end of the umbrella down. Again. And again. Eventually the head of the creature was a steaming pile of mush.

Just the way I liked them.

I dunked my umbrella into the water, which came a few steps shy of the landing, washing the blood and brains off of my weapon. I decided to pull off the soaked leather gloves, tossing the useless articles down into the water. Only then did I pull out my Beretta.

"Please just be wetâ€¦ Please just be wetâ€¦" I prayed, pressing the magazine eject button. No such luck. The magazine was deprived of bullets. Absolutely wonderful. Just what I needed, running out of ammo was #1 on my 'Things that should NOT fucking happen to me' list.

I cursed for about the tenth time in a row, stuffing my empty Beretta in my belt and pulling out my trusty umbrella. After making sure the canvas was still tightly wrapped, I reached towards the lone door on the landing, feeling the cool metal underneath my fingers. I pulled open the door and found myself in a room very similar to the one I just left. The same white stone made up the walls, and the wooden boards underneath my feet creaked loudly as I stepped over them. The room was small, again. A large set of rusty pipes dominated the wall in front of me, and there was no noticeable exit.

Shit.

I looked down, noticing an old piece of rusty grating near the pipes. There were several holes rusted right through parts of the grating, and the bolts securing it seemed rusty. So, I looped the hooked umbrella into one of the holes and heaved upwards. The grating snapped away on my first tug, almost sending me flat on my ass.

I pulled out my flashlight from my soaking leather jacket, and shined it down the hole, seeing the reflection of water shine back at me.

Well, there's nothing else I could do, so I sucked in a deep lungful of air and jumped down the hole. I slowly sunk down to the ground, feeling a small thump as I landed on the stone. I opened my eyes in the murky water, seeing a small channel open in the stone wall. I kicked off towards it.

Goddammit, where all of these fucking tunnels long?!

Note to everyone; never swim down a huge underwater tunnel.

My lungs were burning, again, and I had no idea how far in I was, or how much longer I had to go. My movements became more erratic, once again scraping my hands on the stone. Suddenly, I saw a small wedge that began jutting out of the water, and I pulled myself up out of the water with a huge gasp of breath. One of those fuckers was here, dead, however, which helped me immensely. A dried bloodstain streaked down the black stone, ending in a puddle surrounding the sitting creature. Several brass bullet casings were lying near the hewn doorway. Someone else was here.

I stepped through the stone hallway, entering a boiler room. Once again, dark stone made up the walls, floor, and ceiling. In one corner of the room, a pile of coal the size of a man stood. Opposite the coal, there was an old large boiler with a roaring fire burning inside. I kept moving, stepping on something as I traversed the room.

It was the hand of another one of those fucks. Three of them, precisely, blood pooling out of several wounds in their heads. I stepped off of the hand of the female creature, and walked down the stone hallway. A wooden doorframe suddenly sprung up on my left, so I stepped through it.

And threw up again.

Blood coated the floor, the table, the walls, everything in this entire room. Two bodies, or it seemed to be two. One of them was torn apart. Limbs and organs haphazardly thrown about the room.

The other was a police officer. A single bullet through his head, his pistol still held in his lifeless hand.

In the background of this grotesque scene, like some type of hellish choir, was a loud static blast emitting from the blood splattered radio.

After I finished vomiting up my stomach acid, I wiped my mouth, and stepped closer to the police officer's body. I examined his pistol,

and lo and behold it was a Beretta.

Finally, a break.

I searched the belt of the police officer, and came across two fully loaded magazines of Beretta ammunition.

I ejected my wet and spent clip, and slammed in a fresh one, pulling back the slide and cocking the handgun. 30 more shots for me. He sure as hell didn't need them. With a small smirk of confidence, I stepped through the bloody room, and came out the other side. A stone spiral staircase led upwards, so that was where I headed. As soon as I reached the top floor, I knew something was similar about this place. Not the supply closet I ended up in, after that. The room had the same stone walls, the same damn pictures, same floor.

And the door being held to the wall by a two-by-four was another clue. I quickly yanked it off with my umbrella, and opened the door. Upon seeing what was on the other side, my suspicions were confirmed.

I was back in the church.

The other side of the church, to be exact.

So, I decided to go exploring. A short journey led me to the main foyer, you know, the place where the Priest speaks and all the people sit in their little pews and pray. But I wasn't alone in this room.

There was another man, he had deep five o'clock shadow, was nearly bald, and was wearing jeans and a torn dress shirt. A tie was wrapped around his arm, seemingly stopping an injury from bleeding. He whirled around as I entered the room, gripping onto the panel of the window he had been looking out.

"It's alright." I said, raising a hand. "I'm a human."

â€| 'I'm a human'? Wow. I'm a fucking writer and I can't think of anything cleverer than that? He calmed down.

"Good to see someone is still alive." He said slowly, returning to look out the window.

"Still alive?" I repeated, taking a tentative step forward. He nodded, not taking his eyes from the window. I heard a deep rumbling from somewhere. More thunder?

"There's been 10 people here since I got here, all of 'em have wanted to make a break for it. All of 'em have been torn apart by thoseâ€| Thoseâ€| Things!" He sighed, exasperated, and turned to look at me. He looked exhausted. "Which is why I'm staying right here. I have a better chance of surviving."

Crash! A pickup truck drove through the wall right after my friend finished his speech, he didn't even have time to look at it. The truck severed him in half, he was still looking at me as his torso flipped over the cab and into the bed of the truck, coating the entire path in a trail of blood. The truck kept driving, however, and crashed into the wall and exploded, the engine and cab going up in

flames.

While all this happened, I stood there in shock, staring at the driver who was now moaning in a manner I've come accustomed to as he was burnedâ€¦ Not quite alive, but yeah. The legs of my friend were sprawled, and blood flowed out of his severed waist in a constant stream. I couldn't bear the sight any more, so I climbed out the window and looked left and right. The same ol' dirt path ran from a tunnel all the way to my left, to the entrance to the church at my right. And parked near the entrance was an old car.

Hallelujah.

I assumed my friend had the keys, so I turned to walk back into the church and retrieve them.

When I noticed a bunch of those fuckers had started feasting on the lower half of my buddy's body.

Might as well run while they're distracted. So I did.

I ran down the tunnel, flashlight out, footsteps making a strange echo down the long tube. I finally reached the mouth, and followed along a dirt path that continued around. My socks still squished inside of my shoes, and I wondered if they would ever become completely dry during this little "adventure".

One thing's for sure, I'm fucking firing the damn publicist that suggested I come out here in the first place.

I grumbled, making a mental note to not only fire Phillip, but kill the little bastard too.

And then I saw it.

A police car.

The lights were still flashing, but the siren was off. There was a faint hissing coming from inside of the car, and I stepped forward, umbrella at the ready.

"Hello?" I said loudly. No response other than the hissing. I walked closer, and peeked into the broken driver side window. No one.

I pulled the door open, and saw that there was no keys. I almost cried, but then saw something that almost made me cry tears of joy.

A shotgun.

I slid the long, powerful rifle out of the car. It was a Remington, your basic black with wood grain. I looked around the car, opening the glove compartment and finding a half-empty box of shells. I shoved 8 of the red cartridges into the shotgun, cocked it, and stuffed the remaining 4 into my pocket.

"Car 211, do you copy? Repeat, do you copy?" Came a distorted female voice. I spun around in shock, pointing the shotgun off into the darkness. But I realized it came from the radio. Don't look at me like that, I'm surprised I haven't gone insane yet.

"Repeat, Car 211. Do. You. Copy?" I could hear a lot more voices in the background. I looked at the side of the car, which revealed that this was car 211. I grabbed the microphone, and nearly yelled into it.

"Hello! I need help here! My name is Jack Peterson, and there are these fucking things everywhere!"

There was silence, and thenâ€¦

"Car 211, respond."

I glanced at the dashboard, right where the radio should be on a normal car, and saw that the transmitter for the police radio was torn out.

Son of a bitch.

I just dropped the microphone on the ground, and continued walking down the path, which was partially illuminated by the car's headlights.

I eventually came to a small shack. Yes, a shack. Not a house, a shack. As I approached, I noticed that there was someone near the shack. He was staring in the window, and I breathed a huge sigh of relief when I saw his clothes.

It was a police officer.

I walked forward and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Boy am I fucking glad to see you." I managed to get out, as he slowly turned around.

But something was wrong.

His face was covered in deep gashes, his eyes a milky white, and his mouth was open in a very hungry way.

With a moan, the undead officer lurched towards me, intent on making me his meal.

Christ it's been awhile. Writers block, but watching Evil Dead quickly clears that up for me.

Anyway, review. Now.

6. Chapter 5: The Helicopter

****Chapter V****

His face was covered in deep gashes, his eyes a milky white, and his mouth was open in a very hungry way.

With a moan, the undead officer lurched towards me, intent on making me his meal.

For a corpse, the damn thing moved fast.

Before I could react, it lashed out with it's sharp claws. I instinctively brought up my arms to defend my face, and yelled out in pain as the claws tore into my forearm. I leapt backwards, bringing my recently acquired shotgun up to my shoulder and pulled the trigger. The gun kicked, hard. It rammed into my shoulder and probably left a bruise. And to add insult to injury, I missed way wide. The creature was unfazed at the brilliant light and the earsplitting bang, and continued towards me.

I pumped the shotgun, and sent a red shell spiraling to the ground, aiming more carefully, and pulled the trigger once more.

The head of the officer exploded. Yes, exploded. As in, only the jaw of the creature was left.

With a final squirt of blood, the creature fell to the ground, causing a rush of crimson to halo around the headless corpse.

I brought the shotgun down, and then my forearm exploded into pain. I rolled up the shredded sleeve of my leather jacket, and saw three crimson slashes, all of which were oozing precious blood.

Suddenly, cold fear clutched my heart. What if I was infected now? Would I be reduced to one of those shambling fuckers?

It took nearly all of my willpower to push those thoughts away. If it came down to it, I had plenty of ammo.

After all, it only took one shot, right?

But with this bleeding, the injury would hinder me. So, I decided to take a look into the shack. It was boring, a bed with a piss soaked mattress, a firewood powered stove, and a large dresser. Luckily, there were a few sheets bunched up on the floor. I tore a large strip off of one, and wrapped it around my arm. Not the most sanitary bandage, but it'll work for now. I used the rest of the sheet to make a sling for my shotgun.

I ventured back out into the darkness, holding my shotgun in my right hand, and my flashlight out in my left hand.

I walked down yet another tunnel, when a raspy sound reached my ears. I slung the shotgun over my shoulder, and grabbed my Beretta. As I slowly headed down the tunnel, the rasping got louder. Finally, the light rested on what was making that sound.

It was yet another human being, this one was clearly dying though. Deep gashes ran along his plaid-shirt covered belly, and blood tricked out of his mouth over his beard. He was rasping, trying to get air. Behind him was the headless remains of another one of those creatures.

"You're alive." He managed to choke out. I stood there, not really giving any effort to help him. "This path leads to the Devil's Riftâ€¦ If you can get through thereâ€¦ It's almost a straight shotâ€¦ Into townâ€¦" He coughed and looked me over. "I'm done forâ€¦ You seem armed for bearâ€¦ But one more can't hurtâ€¦ Right?"

My flashlight caught something near the dying man. It was a rifle. I don't really know what type it was, to be perfectly honest, but it had a scope and looked to be a hunting rifle. Probably a .30-06.

"Take it buddy." He said, looking me straight in the eye with a small smirk. "I sure as hell don't need it."

And then he died. And I stood there staring at his body.

"Sorry bro." I said softly, before taking a closer look. There didn't seem to be any bites on the fucker, just those ridiculously deep claw marks. I grabbed the rifle. Luckily it had it's own sling, and the magazine held three shots out of it's usual four.

And then there was movement behind me.

I spun around, my flashlight illuminating the plaid-covered torso of my recently deceased friend.

Recently-deceased with milky white eyes. Eyes that, even to this day, cause terror to freeze my heart, and I was stupefied for a moment.

But then it lurched towards me, and I brought up my Beretta and pulled the trigger.

Oh my poor ears. Just after they had recovered from the last tunnel shooting incident, I had to hurt them again. I like my ears. I like how they do nifty things like hear people and the telephone. That's why I swore loudly after the 9mm bullet punctured through the skull of the latest minion of the undead. My right ear was ringing again, but I couldn't stop. Stopping meant quickly turning into one of those fucks, and that's something that didn't sound very appealing to me.

I quickly jogged down the tunnel. If the scratches reanimated that guy, then I was fucked. No two ways about it. Hopefully this is like one of those early Romero movies where you don't transform until you die. With that only semi-reassuring image, I continued into the darkness, not quite sure what was ahead of me.

I found out quickly, though, as the tunnel opened up into a whole new area. A strong reek of decaying plants and sewage reached my nostrils and assaulted them. I took another step and my foot sunk with a squelching noise. I turned my flashlight down and saw that I was now standing ankle-deep in swamp muck. To call it water or mud is not right, because it was a mixture of both.

"Lovely." I muttered, when a loud bang drove into my eardrums. At first I thought I had accidentally fired my pistol, but it was too far I away. I squelched through the muck towards the sound of the gunshots. I didn't have to go far, just around a giant willow tree and I saw the cause of the ruckus.

A police officer was backing up, firing his Beretta at the four creatures that were closing in on him. I bit the flashlight, making sure it was adding to the officer's own flashlight, and pulled out my shotgun. I brought it up to my shoulder and pulled the

trigger.

Click.

What theâ€¦? I stared at the large gun stupidly, not realizing for a full three seconds that I failed to cock it after my last shot. I pumped the gun quickly, and brought it back up to my shoulder.

But I was too late. The officer was slashed across the forearm by one of the clawed creatures, he went down with a howl of pain, screaming as the four creatures converged on him and began feasting on the poor man.

Out of everything I had, and would, see these fateful nights, the screams of the officer being eaten alive is the biggest thing that haunts me to this day. I quickly squelched away, past the creatures, trying to keep myself from sobbing. Goddammit, what I had seen so far was enough to make any man lose it, but somehow I had kept it together thus far, and I had to keep it that way.

I squelched my way through a natural overhang, when I heard something. A rhythmic thumping.

I eventually saw what was causing the thumping, and I almost clicked my heels and jumped like a little school girl.

It was a police helicopter, although military would probably be a more accurate term. It had a M60 mounted on the door, and at that huge machine gun stood a police officer. Another officer sat at the controls inside of the helicopter.

I waved, stepping out of the mucky shit towards the helicopter.

But something wasn't right.

I couldn't put my finger on it, but there was something strange about this picture.

But that confusion was snapped when the snap of a machine gun bolt being pulled.

Suddenly the ground around me was ripped apart by the M60, and I fell forward onto my face with a yell.

Well, more like a shrill scream. Calling it a yell would be an insult to yells everywhere.

I laid as still as possible, trying to make sure the crazed officer thought I was dead. It worked, the machine gun fire stopped, and I heard something that made my blood turn cold.

Moaning. The officers were moaning towards each other, as if trying to communicate in some type of caveman language.

Or undead.

I shifted slightly, I was lying on something that was making it nearly impossible to sit still. It took me a whopping half a minute to realize what it was.

I was lying on the sniper rifle.

I smiled in spite of myself, and slowly brought the rifle out of the muck towards the helicopter. The lens of the scope was covered in mud, so there was no way I could use it.

Guess I'd just have to eyeball it. And that I did.

I pulled the trigger, and the kick of the rifle sent up a new spray of muck with a loud crack.

I missed way wide, striking near the tail of the fucking chopper. The creatures perked up again, but before they could begin firing the helicopter did something I didn't expect it to do.

It exploded.

Debris and metal chunks were sent everywhere, landing around me and coating me with even more of this fucking muck.

I laid face down in that fucking sludge for a few more minutes, before finally pulling myself to my feet. My jacket was soaked, again. So were my jeans, and my once white shirt is now the color of shit.

As I slowly made my way up to the remnants of the helicopter, I saw what caused the damn thing to explode.

A round metal chunk, which read "Fuel Ta--" had a hole punched through it. This hole looked remarkably similar to the size of a .30-06 bulletâ€|

I stood there for a moment, observing the carnage around me, when I was suddenly struck with one single thing to say.

"Groovy."

No reviews last chapter. That makes me sad in pants. Review this one.

7. Chapter 6: The Dam

****Chapter VI****

I stood there for a moment, observing the carnage around me, when I was suddenly struck with one single thing to say.

"_Groovy._"

Devils Rift.

Fitting name.

I stood on the edge of the tourist path, alternating between staring at the sign and down at the bubbling magma. The Devil's Rift is the local sightseeing-tourist attraction, a natural river of molten lava.

A nice, railed path wraps around the river, and leads directly back to the town. Unfortunately for me, nothing ever comes easy.

Another rockslide neatly blocked the path, with rocks so heavy I doubt a forklift could lift them. Guess I'd have to take the hard way. The only way to get back around was to jump onto the various outcroppings on top of the lava. Wonderful.

I ripped the neat map off of the sign, and mentally prepared myself. This was probably the stupidest, most dangerous thing I had done thus far. Unlike those fucking things, this lava can't be killed. Oh dear.

I took a running start, and leaped over the gorge, feeling heat rush into my jeans, and then landed hard on the first outcropping. I quickly pulled myself up from my knees. The next ledge was close enough that I didn't have to jump, so I stepped across to the next outcrop. Next was a pillar jutting out of the lava, about two or three feet away. It was about waist high. I took a leap, but something went wrong, and I came up way short. I shot my hands out and grabbed onto the edge. My legs kicked out, staying above the lava, and I quickly pulled myself up onto the top of the pillar, breathing heavily from both exhilaration and terror.

I took some time to compose myself, and then made the short leap back to another outcropping. As I slowly moved across the path, holding my left hand on the wall, I began getting that feeling. You know, the feeling that something very, very bad will happen very, very soon.

My hand fell back into a crevice.

I managed to slide my body inside with as little of panicking as possible. I flicked on my flashlight, and found that I was back on the tourist path. This was the ending, which led you to the tour of the dam. I followed this path until I entered another long tunnel.

What was up with this fucking area and tunnels?

Partway through the tunnel, I felt the dirt-covered stone turn into hard concrete beneath my feet. I left the oppressive darkness of the tunnel, and ventured into the less-oppressive darkness of outside. My flashlight illuminated about twenty feet in front of me, but even with this I could see the edges of the dam, and the long gray path that ran between them. On my left was a supply of water nearly up to the dam's guard railing, and on the other side—

Nothing.

I shined my flashlight down and could not see the bottom of this pit amongst the darkness.

Note to self, do not fall down that side.

A moan made me jerk back from over the edge. I shined my flashlight down the path and saw the all-too-familiar shape of those fucking things lurching slowly towards me. My shotgun and rifle were slung across my back, in an opposite fashion so that they made an 'X', so I pulled out my Beretta.

There was only two of them, so I took careful aim on the closest creature and pulled the trigger, sending a 9mm bullet through jaw of the creature. It's head snapped back and it moaned stupidly. Bright spots danced in front of my eyes as the muzzle flashed. I quickly stuffed the Beretta back into my belt, and pulled out my umbrella. I ran forward, knocking one of the creatures into the water, and then swinging it like Barry Bonds and striking the other upside the head. The second one toppled over the endless edge, and fell down with a long moan, which almost made me laugh.

Thump thump thump thump thump.

â€| Ah, hell no.

My flashlight caught a glimpse of metal. Metal spinning really fast. A helicopter came from the other end of the dam and swung around. My heart froze when I heard the attached Gatling gun cock. The helicopter whirled around to face me, and I backed away. I doubt I could get a good shot in this darkness, but I un-slung my rifle anyway, and took a step back.

I felt my legs hit something, but my upper body kept moving.

"Oh." I said as my body toppled backwards into the reservoir, I floated downwards a bit, before turning to face the surface, my eyes stinging as I stared upwards. It was too dark to see out of the water, but something caught my eye below.

Light.

It was coming from a window, behind what looked to be a generator. So, with little else to do, I swam downwards, checking out the light.

Inside the window was a brick room. Completely bare besides a large computer and pump control dominating the left-most wall, and a regular wooden desk near the right. And sitting at that desk was another human being.

He was wearing a gray suit with a blue tie, he had short black hair, and looked exhausted. Like most people I've seen so far.

I knocked on the window, and he jerked towards me, pointing what looked to be an old school .356 magnum. He yelled something, something I couldn't hear through the thick glass. He approached the window, looking scared absolutely shitless and pointing back into the dark water. I looked confused, swam slowly around, and shined my light out into the dark waters.

I sawâ€|

Nothing.

Interesting. My lungs were starting to burn, so I pointed upwards, and swam to the surface to catch a quick breath. I dove back down again, returning to the front of the window once more and looking back at the man.

He was preoccupied.

A female version of one of those things, wearing a technician's coat, had broken down the door. Unfortunately for Mr. Suit, two others crept in behind the female. He blasted the female with his magnum, which took most of it's head off. The other creature attacked him, but the other one seemed to take interest in the computer.

It smashed the keyboard, and then the computer itself. The old machine exploded, and Mr. Suit lifted his hand up and yelled.

Boom!

The glass splintered in front of me, and was splattered with gore as the computer exploded. It took the creature with it.

The glass spider-webbed more. And Mr. Suit took a moment from being eaten alive to notice.

A growl came from behind me.

As I spun around, I saw now what Mr. Suit was trying to warn me about.

It was the length of a garbage truck, covered in tough brown, leather-like skin. It's head was larger than it's body, and the mouth was filled with hundreds of serrated, bloodstained teeth. It's beady little black eyes were almost smiling as it torpedoed towards me.

I screamed underwater, bubbles emerging from my mouth rather than the loud, girly scream that I issued.

Luckily, it barreled into me with it's oversized nose. I was smashed against the hard concrete of the dam and felt all the air leaving my lungs. I grunted, and struggled. Fishy held me there, though, trying to bite my legs that he couldn't reach.

Just my fucking luck, I dodged the teeth but was now going to drown.

I stabbed downwards with the pointy-edge of the umbrella once, twice, three times. Again and again and again. My vision was beginning to get red and blurry, either from the blood or the lack of oxygen I couldn't tell.

Suddenly, the pressure around my midsection disappeared, and I kicked upwards towards the surface. I emerged and right away let a huge rush of air into my lungs. So much that I almost passed out right there.

I tucked my umbrella back into my belt, and pulled out my Beretta. I slowly let myself sink down to the window again, standing on the barely-protruding ledge.

Here Fishy, Fishy, Fishyâ€¦ I thought as loudly as I could.

And then he came, barreling towards me again, blood trailing behind him in the water. I brought up my Beretta, pointing the gun towards the abomination. I pulled the trigger once, causing the gun to bark and send a bullet bubbling towards Fishy.

It struck the giant thing in the right eye (damn I have good aim), and the creature roared. It still kept coming, and I pushed myself off of the ledge. The fish continued onwards, smashing through the glass.

I followed it, swimming above the giant corpse and into the destroyed doorway. The doorway led to another brick room, this one with a spiraling metal staircase traveling upwards. I began climbing the metal quickly, as my chest was getting the familiar burning sensation. When I broke the surface, I quickly moved into the next room, taking out my soaking shotgun and holding it at the ready. Water ran off of me like a fuckin' waterfall, and my socks made the familiar squelching noise every time I took a step.

This door led to another door, which had several boxes stacked on the left side. I opened the metal door directly in front of me, and was back on the dam again. This time, though, I was on the other side. Thankfully, there was no sign of the helicopter, but there was one of those freaks waiting for me.

"Why doâ€¦ I hungerâ€¦?" It moaned, starting towards me.

"Hungry, eh?" I said, smirking and leveling my shotgun, "Then eat this."

I pulled the trigger and caused the creature's head to split in half. With a small smirk of having said my first badass one-liner, I headed into the tunnel on the other side of the dam.

The tunnel ended very abruptly, and I stepped onto something hard, and metal.

And oddly shaped.

A train track.

Wait a minuteâ€¦ was thatâ€¦?

A train. I found a train. Halle-fucking-lujah. I walked over to the engine, and climbed aboard it.

Now, I didn't know how these things work, but I had a rough idea. You just push this little lever forward andâ€¦

Voila! The train started moving!

I didn't know where it would lead me, but anywhere was better than this hellhole of a county.

**nodikus â€" **No I didn't. But I did skip the train part, something I didn't realize until halfway through writing the chapter.

**LordShadowDragon â€" **I agree. Enough said.

Reviews are good.

8. Chapter 7: The Town

Chapter VII

Voila! The train started moving!

I didn't know where it would lead me, but anywhere was better than this hellhole of a county.

The train slowly came to a stop of its own accord, just as I was starting to enjoy the ride too. I stood up from the small metal step I was sitting on, shotgun held across my chest, and flicked my flashlight on. I turned the flashlight up to what was in front of me, and was shocked by what I saw.

A large red barn. I shifted my flashlight to the left, and all I was greeted with was more dense woods. To the right was a brick building, with two windows on, what I assumed was, the third and fourth floors of the building. The railroad tracks ran right up to a large, unpainted door.

I stepped out of the train, which let out a hiss, and walked across the grass towards the door. There was a rusty handle on the door, but it wouldn't move. Not because of the handle, but because of the large chain and lock that held the door securely to the wall.

_Alright, Jack. Take it easy. There has to be another way in. _I said to myself, staring off to the right a little more. _There!_

A window. It was about five feet off of the ground, and looked to lead somewhere.

Better than standing out here and waiting for those things to get me.

I pulled out the Beretta and fired one-handed into the window, shattering the stupid glass and granting me access to the large barn. As I used my umbrella to clear the remaining glass from the window ledge, I heard another shattering sound. Instinctively, I turned to the adjacent building, noticing instantly that the third floor window had just been shattered.

By one of those things.

Dressed in a police uniform, the thing moaned and threw its head back, grabbing something at its belt. Something that looked very similar to what I was holding.

Oh shit.

I hurriedly climbed through the window, barely making it through just as the creature opened fire, splintering the wood and sending fast-traveling bits of death heading right at me. I kicked my legs out, scraping my jean-covered ass against the wood in my hurry to get out of the way of the bullets. The creature gave another moan as it finished out its magazine, and the bullets stopped coming. I willed myself to my feet, breathing heavily from the exhilaration. Inside this large cargo container room, all of the walls were made of paneled wood. Boxes were stacked haphazardly around the whole room,

making strange pyramids and designs. A lone door stood out from the wood, so I opened it and stepped through, taking my shotgun off of my back and holding it ready.

I was in some type of managerial office. The north side was dominated by a fancy desk, stacks of papers and pens were scattered about on top of its wooden surface. A strange dripping noise was coming from somewhere inside this room. My eyes, however, were drawn down to a large metal box, one that had its door slightly ajar. I set the shotgun down, and got down on one knee, opening the door the rest of the way so I could peek inside.

A human head.

Partially devoured, the skull was showing all around the left eye, which itself was missing. The bottom jaw had been broken off, and the blood was leaking out of the safe and dripping into the puddle on the floor.

Calmly, I just stared at it, something that surprised even myself. Was I getting used to this shit?

I should hope not.

I picked up my discarded shotgun and stood up, exiting the room into a hallway. To the left, after going down a few stairs, was a large dirt room. The train tracks ran right up to the middle of this room and stopped and large tools dominated one of the walls, proving that this, in fact, was a train depot. A few of those things, wearing engineering uniforms, were milling about, moaning stupidly. I decided to not take my chances and go the other way.

To the left was a very skinny hallway. The walls were white, but the floor was the same wooden material as was in the cargo room. I started down the hallway, aware of the creaking of the boards every time my shoes came down.

I was about halfway down the hallway when I heard it.

Snap.

I turned my head over my shoulder frantically, and saw it. The boards I was standing on had snapped. Before I had any time to react, I was plunging downwards with a shower of two by fours.

It only took a second for me to hit, legs first, and I fell to the cool, dirt floor. My shotgun bounced away from me into the darkness, firing once due to the impact, and illuminating the room partially.

Cold terror overtook me when I saw what I was in.

Creatures were standing all around me, all of them having left their deathbeds after my interruption.

Another fucking catacomb. Fuck me.

I hurriedly got to my feet, thanking God that my legs were not broken or injured at all. I pulled out my Beretta and my flashlight, flicking on my flashlight. Right into the face of a corpse so old and

dried that it resembled a skeleton more than a human. It hissed at me, and I screamed in terror, bringing up my Beretta to point-blank range and firing. The echo inside of the small, stone room caused my ears to start ringing, but I hurriedly turned around after the corpse collapsed and looked around for an exit in this pitch black room. It only took two seconds for me to find my exit.

Moonlight was seeping through a grate in the wall, one that I could easily squeeze through. I took off running, stuffing my Beretta in my pocket and pulling out my umbrella. I quickly hooked the brass around the grate and started pulling. I heard the moans and excited whispers of the creatures growing louder, and frantically pulled harder. With a loud squeal and crack, the grating gave way, and this time I did fall onto my ass. I quickly hopped to my feet, just as I felt the hands start to clasp around me. I pulled myself forward, breaking the creatures grip and pulling myself through the hole.

As soon as I was clear, I turned quickly, and stared at the hole. Three sets of soulless, lifeless, glazed-over eyes stared back at me. Their clawed hands groping at the empty air, mouths gnashing angrily, sending blood and spit all over each other.

"Say it, don't spray it, guys." I said with a small chuckle, still doubled over catching my breath. I stood up, glancing around my new surroundings. I was on the outskirts of the town, finally. Now that I was here, I would be safe.

But my optimism died quickly, and I stared back at the three hungry creatures, still groping towards me.

_What if this has spread to the town? _I thought, absently fingering the bandaged gashes on my forearm. I wiped the back of my right hand across my brow, feeling my sweat-soaked bangs. As I brought it down, I noticed something.

Blood.

I slowly reached back to my forehead, and felt a gash there.

Fucking window.

And then I felt it. Now that all of my adrenaline is gone, I nearly collapsed on my leg, and I started to feel the blood seeping down onto my right eyebrow. My leg was on fire, as was my arm gash.

_Son of a bitch. _I grunted. _I have to keep moving though._

So, I started limping off down the street. My journey was short, as I found a bright neon sign that alerted me about something good.

BMRP Radio. I recalled the music I was listening to in my car and at the church, and that was the name of the station. Maybe they would know what was going on.

All in all, BMRP Radio was a very unimpressive building. It looked like a wooden trailer. As soon as I opened the door, I realized this wasn't a very big radio station. A single window was next to the entrance, both panes open, and under the window was the DJ's desk. A microphone, several pictures, a lot of CDs and tapes, and a large

book lay on the desk. Against the wall, directly behind the desk, were the two giant machines where they played the actual music. Next to the machines, which were silent, was an old, disgusting green and brown couch. A coffee table was in front of the couch, with yesterday's newspaper and a bunch of napkins on it. Another door was on the far left wall of the room.

The first thing I did was grab several of the napkins and used them to mop up the blood on my face. Next I sat down at the desk, and shuffled through the papers, pushing most of the useless shit off of the desk onto the floor. One of the photos caught my eye, though. It was a bearded man, with dark sunglasses, wearing a BMRF Radio T-Shirt and a young girl, probably only ten years old. I stared at this picture for a good five minutes, before I discarded it on the floor, and opened up the large book.

The contents of this book made me sit up excitedly, causing a few drops of blood to drop onto the pages, which I wiped away. That made it a bit worse, thanks to all the cuts and blood on my hand, but I could still read what I wanted.

Radio frequencies.

Including the police's emergency band.

Victory at last!

I quickly adjusted the dials on the broadcast band, setting it to the police's channel. I pushed the On-Air button.

"Hello? Hello? Is anyone there?"

Silence. And then—

"Who is this? Identify yourself! How did you get onto this channel?" It was a bit hard to hear due to the ringing in my ears, but I hurriedly grabbed the microphone, creating blood smears on the metal.

"Hello? My name is Jack Peterson! I'm in trouble! There are these fucking— Things everywhere! Help!" Right after I let out that stream of freak-out, I realized how stupid I sounded. I've killed tons of those things before without batting an eyelash, and now I'm freaking out?

"Sir. Stay calm, all of our units are occupied at the moment. If you sit tight, some help might find you— Might find you."

I let out a long sigh, and suddenly was hit by a wave of exhaustion. All of the adrenaline I've been running off of started to evaporate.

"Do I have any other options?"

Silence.

"Hello?"

"You could— Come here. To the Police Station." The voice sounded hesitant. "That looks to be your best option at this point. Sir, I

appreciate it if you would keep this channel clean, as it is our private band, I need to know what our units are up to."

I leaned back in the chair, rubbing my eyes with my left, less bloody, hand. Next I checked the gash on my left forearm. Blood was starting to seep through the sheets I had wound tightly around it, dripping down my forearm to mix with the combination of cuts, creature blood, and my own blood.

BOOM!

I jerked upright, staring over at the closed door. It sounded like something huge and heavy had fallen over. Something like a bookcase

Or a human being.

I instinctively reached over my shoulder for my shotgun, only to find nothing. I was then struck by a mental image of my trusty Remington, lying abandoned in the cool dirt of that catacomb. So, instead I got out my Beretta and carefully stepped towards the door.

Oh my poor heart! Oh, just after you had calmed down, you pop right back up again, sending gallons of fear juice throughout my body. The door was partially ajar, so I pushed it open with the barrel of my pistol, and turned on my flashlight.

In the corner of the room was a hunched over woman, as soon as my flashlight passed onto her, she turned around with a growl. Her glazed-over eyes cast eerie reflections from the beam of my flashlight, and around her mouth was smeared, fresh blood. Flesh and muscle lay in her still chewing mouth, and as she started to crawl towards her new meal, I spent no time in finishing her off with two shots to the head.

"Sorry babe. You just weren't my type." I said, ejecting the spent magazine and plunging my last one in. As I pulled back on the slide, I examined the poor soul she had been eating, and my heart took a plunge.

It was the man in the photo. The one with the BMRF shirt. He looked exactly the same, that picture could have been taken last week for all I know. I rose up, releasing the slide and shining my flashlight over the new hole in his stomach.

"Sorry, mate." I said softly, and fired one single shot into the head of the dead man. Blood and brains splattered against the walls as the 9mm slug exited the back of his skull.

Without another word, I strode swiftly from the room, heading towards my next destination.

The Police Station.

* * *

>AN " **Good God, son. It's been a while! I blame College and summer, personally. Now that I finally have my internet up and running, I'll try to keep this story alive. I hope I didn't lose all of my reviewers!

****LordShadowDragon** â€" ****I'm trying to keep it fresh, although I haven't played the game in a while. I'm pretty sure I've been going through the right order of events here, but after TH1 is over (next chapter) it's going to take off fo'sho.**

****BlindAcquiescence****** â€" ****I guess I just failed the semi-regularly part. In all honesty, I would remember the dialogue better if I had a script or something. I don't even have Half-Life installed on my new computer (Vista can't run HL1 games), so I don't remember most of the dialogue. I'm basing it off of what portions I do remember though.**

****exeHL** â€" ****Thanks buddy.**

****Lupus Thunder / License to Ill** â€" ****Thanks mate. I fixed the apostrophes in this chapter.**

****uberdoood** â€" ****I normally don't write first-person style, I think it limits the character growth of others. However, it is necessary for this story as it can help examine the Character's (Jack Peterson in this case) mental trauma as well as his physical.**

9. Chapter 8: The Police Station

****Chapter VII****

Without another word, I strode swiftly from the room, heading towards my next destination.

The Police Station.

I gritted my teeth as pain shot up my leg with every hobble I took. I kept moving, though. I had to.

I paused earlier to look at myself in one of the darkened windows along the road, and was shocked at what I saw. I looked like hell. My hair was slicked down from sweat, blood, and grease. My forehead was covered in blood thanks to that slash from the window, and my eyes had deep rings around them. I was pale as a ghost, unlike my previously white shirt, which is now the brown of mixed blood, mud, and sweat. My leather jacket had a few slashes and was looking rather worn at this point, as were my jeans. My shoes were scuffed up beyond recognition, and my handsâ€" Cut, bruised, probably broken, and blood covered, my hands pretty much summed up how I felt at this point.

All in all, I looked no better than those things I've been killing all night.

As I limped down the street, with my large rifle nestled snugly in my hands, I glanced from building to building. The clock in the radio station revealed that it was only about 9:20 PM. Only two hours since the lightning first struck.

It felt like a week.

A sudden rustling made me stop moving, and I brought the rifle up to my shoulder, slowly scanning the area for threats. The street I was

on continued forward for about ten more feet, and then made a 'T', branching both ways. I stepped forward, hearing the sound grow louder as I reached the edge of the building. I slammed my back against it, and peeked slowly around the corner.

Lights greeted me. Red and blue lights.

Another police car.

I nearly whooped and jumped up, but my previous experiences with this night forbade me from doing so. So, instead, I calmly scanned the area for things out of the ordinary.

Bingo.

A corpse of one of those things lay on the asphalt, but there was a bloody handprint on the door handle.

I stepped forward, carefully, still scanning the area to make sure none of those things popped out and got me. I approached the car, holding my rifle trained on each of the windows I peeked inside.

BAM!!

The police officer-creature sat straight up and smashed against the window, splintering the glass some.

"Christ!" I jumped back, very narrowly avoiding pissing myself, as my heart rate jumped up to the danger zone. As the creature scratched and bit at the glass, I leveled my rifle, used the scope, and fired once.

The glass shattered, and the creature's head was split in two, the top portion of it's head disintegrating instantly, as the lower portion fell through the broken window and created a waterfall of blood cascading down the door. I opened the door, and let the headless officer fall out, joining his infector on the pavement. I hopped inside, and saw a glint of metal in the ignition.

There were finally keys in the car.

I shouted and grinned like an idiot in spite of myself, putting my sniper rifle on the passenger's seat, firing up the Crown Victoria and putting it in drive. As I gunned it down the road, I passed a ton of those things, all of them doing something different. A few were just milling around, several were banging on the windows of shops, and I, unfortunately, even got to see some of them feed on the corpse of a young female police officer.

And then I heard it. The noise that nearly makes me shit myself today when I hear it.

Snarling.

I glanced in the rear view mirror, just in time to feel the icy cold hands of death wrap around my neck.

One of those things had been in the back seat the whole time.

It launched itself at me, mouth open, intent on devouring my flesh.

"No!" I yelled, shoving my hand up into the forehead of the creature, holding it a forearm's distance away from my neck. It continued gnashing it's mouth, trying to feast on my hand and/or neck regions.

Holding this creature with my right hand and driving with my left, all the while watching both the road and the monster equally was difficult, to say the least. Just as I was about to feel like I had it down, something caught my attention outside of the windshield.

Gas pumps. And I was heading right towards them going about 40 miles per hour.

Goddammit.

Without thinking, I threw open my door, and ducked down, releasing pressure on the creature and leaping outside of the car. As soon as I hit the pavement, I felt searing pain shoot through my side, but I tucked and rolled like I was the star of some big action movie rather than just an author. The car kept traveling, and it only took three seconds to hit the gas pumps.

BOOM!!

I felt the wind and heat from the explosion wash over me as I ducked my head and covered it with my hands. After about two seconds, amongst all of the clanking of metal and rubble striking the pavement, I stood up. The car, gas pumps, and even the gas station were completely demolished. Fires smoldered sporadically around the accident's site.

My head was spinning from all of the excitement of the last two minutes, and even as I absently groped for my pistol, I was thinking.

What if the police station has been overrun too? What if this won't be the end of this nightmare? I've lost two heavy hitting guns already, what happens if I run out of ammo here?

I stared dully at the 9mm handgun I held, before tucking it back into my belt and pulling out my umbrella. Only then did I start weaving my way between the little fires, and making it back into a small alleyway. As I continued down the alley, I noticed something looming in the distance, and as I entered the back lot of this giant structure, I was glad I decided to go this way.

I was at the police station.

Without bothering to check for the creatures, I practically ran to the back door, throwing it open and stepping within sanctuary.

But something was wrong.

For one thing, the back door was unlocked. For another, there was nobody here.

I seemed to be in some kind of back-entrance reception. A large, bulletproof window with a grill for speaking through was in front of me. To my right were three doors, all of which were locked tightly. On the left was one of the electronically locked doors to, what I assumed to be, the cell block. The whole booth was empty.

And it was terrifying.

I never thought that the police station would be empty. I always sort of imagined there would be an entire SWAT division on top of this whole scenario.

_Now what am I going to do? _I thought, sliding down the wall.

As I sat there on that floor, I thought. I thought a lot.

I thought about how all of these things I'd been slaying all night had been people at one time or another. I thought about how that might make me a criminal, but how I could probably explain it all away as self defense.

And, most importantly, I thought what would happen to me.

BUZZ!

The door to my left slid open. I jumped to my feet, holding my umbrella at the ready.

Somebody let me in?

I glanced around, and noticed a security camera on the wall, staring right at me.

Someone is here.

I gave a sort of half-assed wave, and stepped through the door, which shut behind me as soon as I was fully inside. As soon as I was in the cell block, I noticed something.

It was cold as hell.

I shivered, pulling my jacket closer and moving up the stairs directly in front of me. After two sets, I was at the top, staring at five identical, green metal doors. One was directly across from me, and there was also two on each side of the hallway. With little else to do, I stepped forward and grabbed the door handle of the one door directly in front of me. It gave easily, and I pulled it open.

Three of those things were waiting for me.

"Fuck!" I yelled, preparing to swing my umbrella, when my peripheral vision caught the door to my left opening, and then caught a glimpse of metal.

All of a sudden, something connected with my left temple, and stars exploded in front of my eyes, I teetered around and knew nothing more.

Faces and voices swam in front of my blurry vision. The fluorescent light was brighter than the sun, and my head hurt like no

other.

Shitâ€¦| How long have I been out?

"â€¦| He's waking upâ€¦|" Came the hissing of one of those creatures.

Someone, or something, leaned in front of the light. My vision cleared briefly, and I caught sight of a ten-gallon hat with the Sheriff's badge on it, as well as a large pair of aviator sunglasses. He was very fat, to be blunt.

"Boy, you've just made the biggest mistake of your life." Came the thick, southern accent. I shook my head from side to side, trying to clear the last traces of unconsciousness. "Take him to the cells." Came the voice again, before he pulled something off his belt, something metal.

"Noâ€¦| Please." I said slowly and stupidly, but it did no use, the large man brought the magnum down onto my head again and I was out once more.

I awoke sometime later in a daze. I shook my head from side to side, and tried to clear my head, but all that did was make me lean off of my small cot and vomit all over the brick floor. I didn't think I had any left in me, I guess I was saving some for later.

Voices drifted through the barred window next to the door leading outside of my cell, and I shakily stood up, realizing with a jolt that my leather jacket and all of my weapons, including my flashlight, were all gone. I leaned forward, grasping onto the bars, and stared out into the middle of the cell block.

The sheriff was there, standing alongside his creature Police Officers, as well as several regular creatures.

"â€¦| That boy in cell 8 has been a bit of a problem. Killin' my children is a sin, punishable by death." The fat sheriff grinned slightly. "Let's make him one of us, and then kill him, how do ya'll reckon he'd like that?"

The creatures moaned in agreement, when I heard a scream of terror, and a man in a prison uniform came tearing out of his cell, with one of those creatures shuffling in pursuit. He looked, wide-eyed, around the cell block, before he started running again.

He didn't make it two steps before his life was ended in a shower of crimson. The magnum bullet tore out of the side of his head, splattering the brick walls with brains and blood, and causing all of the creatures to stumble forward and start feasting on the poor soul.

But the sheriff stopped one, turned it around, and pointed to my cell.

And with cold fear in my stomach, I realized I was the "boy" in cell 8.

And as the creature lumbered closer, and pulled open the door, I was struck by a horrifying realization.

There was no escape.

* * *

><p>To Be Continued inâ€|

They Hunger 2: Rest in Pieces

* * *

>AN â€" **Done? Already? Not quite. The story will be continued in this same... Story. I will not make a new one.

**LordShadowDragon - **His personality is transforming into Ash Williams. Yeeeeeeah boy!

10. Chapter 9: The Escape

I awoke sometime later in a daze. I shook my head from side to side, and tried to clear my head, but all that did was make me lean off of my small cot and vomit all over the brick floor. I didn't think I had any left in me, I guess I was saving some for later.

Voices drifted through the barred window next to the door leading outside of my cell, and I shakily stood up, realizing with a jolt that my leather jacket and all of my weapons, including my flashlight, were all gone. I leaned forward, grasping onto the bars, and stared out into the middle of the cell block.

The sheriff was there, standing alongside his creature Police Officers, as well as several regular creatures.

"â€| _That boy in cell 8 has been a bit of a problem. Killin' my children is a sin, punishable by death." The fat sheriff grinned slightly. "Let's make him one of us, and then kill him, how do ya'll reckon he'd like that?"_

The creatures moaned in agreement, when I heard a scream of terror, and a man in a prison uniform came tearing out of his cell, with one of those creatures shuffling in pursuit. He looked, wide-eyed, around the cell block, before he started running again.

He didn't make it two steps before his life was ended in a shower of crimson. The magnum bullet tore out of the side of his head, splattering the brick walls with brains and blood, and causing all of the creatures to stumble forward and start feasting on the poor soul.

But the sheriff stopped one, turned it around, and pointed to my cell.

And with cold fear in my stomach, I realized I was the "boy" in cell 8.

And as the creature lumbered closer, and pulled open the door, I was struck by a horrifying realization.

There was no escape.

****They Hunger II:****

****Rest in Pieces****

****Chapter IX****

My name is Jack Peterson.

Today is the day I die.

A creature, once human, shuffled towards me, intent on feasting on me. Its eyes were wide, vacant, and milky white. Its mouth was open, gnashing its bloody teeth together gleefully, almost smiling. The torso was ripped open, intestine hanging out of the large gash and dangling nearly to the floor. The whole torso of the thing was coated in blood, large, boney claws jutted out of its hands, leaving the useless flesh dangling off of the wrist.

I searched my cell for something, anything, to defend myself with. Other than the human skull floating in my toilet, everything was bolted to the floor. So, I dropped back into a kung fu-esque pose, a throwback to all of those old Bruce Lee movies I used to watch. The creature lumbered forward, stretching its arms out and opening its mouth as wide as it could.

BOOM!!

I lost my hearing the same instant I was thrown backwards against the brick wall of my cell, letting out a grunt of pain as all the wind was knocked out of me. I fell in a heap to the ground, coughing slightly. Ears ringing loudly, I felt dizzy as shit as I pushed myself to my knees, keeping my head down to avoid puking again. I shook my head a few times, trying to get rid of the bloody ringing. I lifted my head, and my eyes widened at what I saw.

The wall of my cell was gone. As was the monster.

I pushed myself to my feet, stumbling to the open hole. I looked back, and saw the sheriff hollering something to his minions, and then turned and stared out the hole.

A military style jeep was parked in the back lot. One with a rocket launcher attachment. And operating that rocket launcher was a police officer. I leapt down from the hole, landing hard on the concrete and feeling my injured leg give out again. The officer was yelling something at me as he fired another rocket into the police station. I covered my head as the explosion blew out of the hole, raining small pellets of debris on my head. He then ran over and pulled me to my feet.

"Let's go!!" He yelled, but through the ringing it sounded like a whisper.

"Not without my umbrella!" I yelled back, and then stumbled back inside the back door of the police station. The door directly across from me, closed and locked last time I entered, was open. The ringing in my ears began to die down as I strode into the room. The sheriff was standing there, addressing a few of his minions. When I stepped

into the room, he turned and stared at me, spitting a huge mouthful of chew onto the floor.

"Kill that varmint!" He roared, pointing in my general direction. The three creatures shuffled towards me, and I looked to my left and grinned widely.

My bloodstained umbrella was sitting on the coffee table.

As the creatures continued to move closer, I slammed my fist down on the pointed end, which was dangling off of the edge, and watched as it flipped through the air, basically in slow motion, and snatched it out of the air, holding it at the ready.

"Come get some." I said softly. I swung the hooked portion first, smashing it into the nearest creatures head, sending it sprawling across the floor. I flipped the umbrella around in mid air, grabbing the hooked end, and skewering the nearest thing nearly to my hand. As it tried to bite me, I pushed upwards, extending the umbrella outwards and neatly blowing the creature apart. With my now opened umbrella, I used it to trip the final creature, and as it fell to the floor with a stupid moan, I brought the umbrella back down to its condensed state, and stabbed the thing through the head.

And it was over. It couldn't have taken more than thirty seconds, but my heart was beating as if I just finished running a marathon. I turned my head to look at the sheriff, and spat out onto one of the corpses.

"I'm impressed, boy." He said slowly, spitting as well. "But lets see how long your fancy shenanigans will help you out here."

Without another word, he strode out of the room, slamming the door behind him. I stared after him for a moment, before turning around and heading back out to the waiting police officer.

He was sitting on the Jeep, clearly waiting for me. As he saw my umbrella, he raised an eyebrow in question.

"You really weren't kidding." He said slowly, as I studied my new companion. He was young, about 5'11", with muscles clearly visible under his police uniform. His hair was black, and spiked straight up at one time during this night, now it was just partially standing. His uniform was covered in blood, but it looked like the only injury he had was a white bandage wrapped around his left bicep. "You look like hell."

"And you don't?" I questioned back, before looking down at myself. The damn sheriff took off my arm bandage, and blood was flowing down the three gashes on my forearm, I was now covered in fresh blood from those creatures I had just killed, and, to top it all off, my shoe laces were missing. The officer noticed my forearm for the first time, and rifled through the first aid kit he had sitting next to him.

"My name's Otis. Chris Otis." He said, pulling out a large bandage and handing it to me. I pulled it open with my teeth, and set to ripping off the white things covering the sticky portion.

"Jack Peterson."

"No shit?" I stuck the band-aid on and stared at him. "The writer?"

"Yeah. The same."

"No shit!" He repeated, slapping his thigh. "I love your books! I've read all of the Agent Westwood novels!"

As soon as the bandage was on, I stared him dead in the eyes.

"Now might now be the time to talk about this." I said pointedly. The grin faded off of his face, and he un-holstered his Beretta.

"Good point. You set?" I nodded, and we set off down the tunnel directly opposite of the alley I originally came in to get to the police station.

"What the hell is happening here?" I asked, as we continued down the tunnel. Chris had his pistol and flashlight trained into the darkness, and didn't move his eyes when he replied.

"I don't know. We were getting disturbance calls all day, and finally we were told to just ignore it." He swallowed. "Well, you can see what happened then. These things just started springing up by the dozens. Me and several other officers decided that we should go try to get some help. When we came back, we were fired upon by our own officers, who were now like the others. I made it back to the police station and saw you being assaulted by that thing, so I decided to help out."

"Thanks for that." I didn't bother to ask why we didn't just take the Jeep now, but Chris seemed to read my mind.

"All of the roads leading out of Rockwell have been blocked off, either by car accidents or actual true roadblocks." He said, switching off his flashlight as we left the tunnel. "There are a few footpaths out, but we're going to have to be walking through the entire city to get to them." He swallowed, again. "For some reasonâ€¦ It seems like the road blocks are designed to keep people in rather than let those things outâ€¦"

I nodded dumbly. _The sheriff. What does he have to do with this? What happened here?_

We weaved our way through the empty streets. Cars, with doors wide open, lay abandoned willy nilly throughout the roads. Several of the large windows were shattered, doors swung freely on one hinge.

Rockwell looked like it had been abandoned for years, yet it's only been a few hours since it began.

Has it? For all I know, this could've been occurring forever, and I just showed up right into it.

We paused in front of a large garage, which had a faded sign I couldn't read in the dark.

"What are we stopping for?" I queried, glancing down into the

darkness, still holding my umbrella.

"Someone's in here." Chris stated simply, opening the door and entering the darkness.

Or what I thought would be darkness. There was still a fluorescent bulb burning on the roof, casting light onto the cold concrete.

"Frank? You here?" Chris asked, holding his Beretta still at the ready. There was a rustling from around the corner, and we stepped closer to the door-less frame that led to the main portion of the garage.

"Frank?"

A man jumped out in front of us, wielding a wrench. He was overweight, wearing greasy overalls, with graying hair and a handlebar mustache. His white shirt was stained from grease and blood.

"Christ, Chris." He said slowly, holding his chest. "You nearly gave me a heart attack."

"How many of the others are here?" Chris asked, scanning the room with his Beretta ready.

"None." Frank replied sadly, shaking his head. He glanced up at me. "Who's this?"

"Jack Peterson." I said simply, offering a bloody and bruised hand. Frank just shook it, scanning in all of my blood stains, bandages, and injuries.

"Well, if this is all of us—" Chris started, but I cut him off.

"Pleasantries can wait for later. At this point, we should keep moving." Getting a nod from Frank, and a sheepish look from Chris. An author is giving better orders in a crisis than one of the local police officers. That's gotta look bad on his resume. "Chris. You know the way to the footpaths leading out?"

He nodded, and I nodded, and then looked at Frank who nodded, and we all headed off into the darkness once more.

Hopefully with two partners, now, I might actually live through this.

* * *

>BlindAcquiescence " My last few fanfictions have had poor pacing, and too much dialogue I figured. After reading Ryan M. Usher's SH2 fanfic, I decided the best way to remedy this was to do a first-person narrative in a situation where the protagonist is mainly alone. Oh, and I updated the two of those in the adjacent days, just a little bit of repayment from ignoring this story for a few months. And I haven't played Heart of Darkness, nor am I completely positive on the Vista HL1 games. I just heard Direct X10 is incompatible with OpenGL graphics.

****LordShadowDragon** " "Thank you, sir.

11. Chapter 10: The Apartment

Chapter X

****Chapter X****

He nodded, and I nodded, and then looked at Frank who nodded, and we all headed off into the darkness once more.

Hopefully with two partners, now, I might actually live through this.

The darkness was oppressive. Seriously oppressive. I missed my flashlight, but luckily both Chris and Frank had one. Their small beams of light cut through the darkness in small beams, casting a little bit of light in the darkness. But the town was not completely dark, the power was still on, judging by the several lights on in the windows. Every footstep the three of us made echoed through the deserted streets. There was little sound, the low hum of electricity, and every so often there was a sporadic moan or glass crashing, as well as the clinking of Chris's handcuffs hanging off of his belt. We moved in silence, adding much more to the oppressive atmosphere. My shoes, although dry now, were loose, since I still didn't have shoelaces. It wasn't cold, but cold enough to make me miss my jacket.

Chris and Frank were on full alert, but I had turned on my auto pilot. I was out on my feet, moving along on pure instinct. The other two were speaking, but I did not really pay attention, or frankly give a shit.

I was tired, dammit.

It was nearing ten o'clock, and I had been doing this| Nightmare for damn near three hours. My adrenaline was wearing out, my stomach was rumbling, and all of the various cuts and bruises I had accumulated like some type of virgin comic book collector stung and bled.

Since the beginning of this little adventure, my body ran on autopilot. I acted how movies, books, and videogames had taught me since I was little: kill the fuckers before they got me.

But it wasn't until now that I had seriously thought at what I had been doing. Those things were humanoid, they were people at one time. People like me. I was killing someone's son, someone's mother, someone's sister or brother or father or cousin or whatever. They were dead, and as if adding insult to injury, I was making them more dead.

How did they turn? What did the sheriff have to do with it?

What was going to happen to me?

I fingered the band-aid around my forearm, and the possibly-infected gashes underneath it. Fuck.

"Peterson!" Chris yelled, jarring me out of my thoughts.

"What?"

Chris nodded towards an open door to my right. I looked up at the building it belonged to. An apartment complex, it was pretty run down. Several lights shined in the windows, but those were the only signs of life in the entire building.

"What about it?"

And then I heard it. A roar. Not the usual moans we were used to, but a fucking roar. Like a lion, but deeper and moreâ€¦ Human sounding.

We stood in shock, staring at the lightly swinging doorframe in shocked silence.

"So." Frank cleared his throat. "Who wants to go into the creepy apartment complex with the monsters first?"

Frank and Chris looked at each other, and then to me.

"Fuck it." I growled, grabbing Frank's flashlight and, holding my umbrella tight, I stepped into the dark apartment complex, hearing Chris and Frank yell after me.

The lobby was a mess and dark. The chairs and couches were tipped over and ripped apart, stuffing thrown willy nilly around the room. The coffee table was broken in half, magazines shredded like confetti, mud and dirt covering these scraps of paper. I shined my flashlight over to the desk, and walked forward to it. The desk was torn apart, like someone was looking for something in all of the drawers. The phone was off of the hook, and I grabbed the receiver, bringing it to my ear. All that filled my ear was static, so I set it back down. I shined my flashlight along the desk, and didn't notice anything else worth checking. I slowly moved to the staircase, moving my flashlight to every possible hiding spot for those fuckers. My heart rate was getting back up there. My adrenaline, the only thing I credit for allowing me to live this far, was starting to fill my body.

I slowly stepped on the first stair, holding my umbrella ready. I took each stair carefully, feeling and hearing the stair creak underneath my weight. As I reached the first landing, my flashlight caught a hint of mahogany. The small desk had its drawer open, and inside was something that made my little adventure thus far.

A .44 Magnum. The powerful handgun was polished steel, the round chamber reflecting the light from my flashlight. I reached inside the drawer and withdrew the pistol.

I opened the chamber, and shined the flashlight inside. Two of the chambers were empty, leaving me with four shots of the powerful gun.

"Fucking finally." I muttered, hooking my umbrella around my belt again, holding the .44 at the ready.

Then came the roar again. From upstairs. I pointed my pistol up the next flight of stairs, followed quickly by my flashlight. Nothing. The landing was quiet, but the door was ripped off the hinges and led down into the darkness of the apartment.

"Christ, you dumbass, are you trying to get yourself killed?!" came the angry whisper from Chris as he and Frank appeared on the landing next to me.

"The roar came from up there." I whispered, gesturing with the magnum.

"Shit. That hallway leads to the fire escape. That's the only way to the other side." Chris whispered, ejecting his Beretta and making sure the magazine was fully loaded. "We have no other option."

I glanced at Chris, and saw that his face was set with resolve. Finally, the cop starts acting like the leader he should be.

We slowly moved up the stairs, the Beretta and magnum pointed into the darkness of the hallway. We were three steps deep into the hallway, the white walls stained with blood and bullet holes every so often. Every ten or so steps was a wooden door with the golden numbers on the door. Most of the doors were closed, but every so often one of the doors was thrown open. Chris and I made sure the rooms were clear, slowly moving down the hallway.

"So far, so good." Frank said.

Then I heard the splintering of wood. And Frank scream. We spun, just in time to see the old man be tackled roughly into one of the open doors.

"Frank!" Chris yelled. We both moved to the doorway, and pointed our flashlights and guns inside. Frank was dead, as was evident by his ripped open torso and innards strewn about. A gray, humanish figure was crouched over his body, clawing into him. As soon as our flashlights hit it, it spun, and roared at us, its red eyes burning into us. Chris fired a shot, and the creature jumped up onto the roof, and we heard it crawl back into the hallway.

"What the fuck was that?!" I yelled, pulling the hammer back on the magnum. Chris made no reply, searching for the creature crawling on the roof.

"Run?" He asked, still looking for the creature. I made no reply, but we both took off at the same time down the hallway. Then I fell. And I heard the splintering sound again.

"The hallway's gonna give!" I yelled as Chris stopped to help me up. Then I heard the roar again, and we both shined our flashlights up at the same time. And saw the creature leaping at me from the roof. It hit me, hard, and the floor gave way. We fell, all three of us. Instinctively I punched the thing in the face as we free fell from the apartment hallway. It flew away from me, as I landed in something wet.

"Fuck." I said as my chest was flattened by the impact. I sat up slowly, looking around. We appeared to have landed in some type of

sewage system. The walls were covered in mold and mildew, and there was knee deep water covering the length of the tube that ran down further than I could see in the semi-darkness.

And that thing crawled to its feet in the middle of the tube. I looked towards Chris, seeing that the officer was lying on his back in the water, clearly knocked out. I turned back to the creature, it scuttled about, bent over like an ape. The gray skinned, hairless, red eyed creature stared at me. I grabbed my umbrella, seeing as I didn't want to search the water for my magnum.

I cracked my neck twice, first to the right and then to the left, holding my umbrella at the ready.

"Alright, you _I Am Legend_ wannabe!" I said, spitting. "Come get some!"

It roared, launching itself at me, as I, unconsciously, uttered a war yell myself and ran down the tube towards it.

End
file.